

## Gods to the Godless

Primordial

I have one Desire  
Let it be  
A Pestilence upon your lands  
A Plague upon all your houses  
It is my wish  
To Enslave all your people  
The soil enriched with their Blood  
To Burn your places of Worship  
Our Gods shall become your Gods

All that lives on the vine is rotten  
May your wines be foul  
And your bread as the flesh of the dead  
An ill wind to bring nought but decay  
And the stench of your Slaughtered kin

The newborn, borne with fear in their eyes  
And slavery in their limbs  
As tools to build a new Empire  
We are your cross to bear  
Perhaps you shall be a martyred people  
But as sure as the Night follows the Day  
A Dead People

"The desire to sweep away what is sacred and profane.  
To enforce and embrace Tragedy to imbed it deep  
Within the subconscious of generations"